

## **Fine... by HarryTrumanWilson**

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**Summary:**

After what happened in Hawkins Steve tries to find purpose for himself, but Jonathan and Nancy don't plan on letting him have space.

From Barb's funeral to after the Winter Formal, with plenty of Stoncy angst and fluff.

## Fine...

### Author's Note:

Hey, this is a short little stoncy story I came up with that didn't end up fitting with my longer work, *Stranger Things in a Cabin in the Woods*. But, here it is as a one shot, Steve, Nancy and Jonathan standing together at Barb's funeral to them interacting after the winter formal. Hope you enjoy!

Steve ran his fingers through his hair, then tugged on the collar of his button-up and vest. He was dressed about as nice as he'd ever been. It was for an important occasion though, he had to look this nice. *Barb's funeral. The funeral they should have had nearly a year ago...*

Steve took a deep breath as wind blew leaves on the ground around him and in the branches above him. There was the scent of pine in the air; Hawkins cemetery didn't have many live trees left other than pines at this point in autumn. And it was chilly, mainly because of the wind. Steve felt when another gust blow his open jacket around and mess up his perfectly groomed hair. Steve tried to straighten a few of the bangs subtly as the priest continued to drone about how much Barb's loss affected them, but also how glad he was that the mystery had finally been solved. After a particularly potent comment that "God, despite our hopes, wishes and efforts, had called Barb home," Nancy started balling again, and Steve turned to comfort her before he remembered. Remembered that Jonathan was standing between them. Remembered that they weren't a thing anymore. Remember that that his love...was *bullsh\*t*...

Jonathan glanced at Steve, then reached out and rubbed Nancy's shoulder. Both Mr. and Mrs. Holland were starting to heave and cry too, and Steve turned back to the casket and tried to focus on Barbra. The girl who died at his house, a girl Steve had barely known, but felt like he had to invite if he was every really going to get with Nancy. Was it his fault? Steve didn't really know how to take that thought. Nor did his know how to respond when Nancy turned to him and gave him a soft, sad smile. Was it a goodbye? A thank you? How should he know? He was the idiot. The idiot, shitty boyfriend,

that couldn't seem to keep his girl happy and when he told her how he felt...*bullsh\*t*.

Steve turned from the sinking casket and started walking away, his teeth grinding and his thoughts seething. *Byers...What had Byers done I hadn't? If she had asked me to come with her, to drive out of town and investigate Barb's death or take her to some crazy reporter or f\*ck her on a pull-out in his house, I would have. But no...Byers did it. Byers won, and King Steve...was just bullsh\*t!*

Steve ripped open the door of his BMW and slammed it closed behind him, then leaned back in the leather seat and tried to breathe. *Breath...calm down. Calm down...you're not...bad. You're just...not for her. Some things....just aren't meant to...*

Steve's internal monologue was interrupted by a rap on his window. He turned his head slowly, ready to glare at Nancy, to curse her out and tell her to go to h\*ll with the darkest look he could, but it was Jonathan at the window. *Jonathan? How am I suppose to respond to him?* Steve groaned, then angrily cranked the wheel to lower the glass between them.

"What?"

"Uh...are...are you okay?" Jonathan asked. He looked uncomfortable; he was rubbing one of his thick coat sleeves and was trying to avoid eye contact. His bangs were blowing around near as bad as Steve's hair had, and there was something...endearing, about the way he genuinely seemed concerned about the older boy's feelings. Steve eyed Jonathan for a few moments, then shrugged.

"I'm fine. I'll be fine Byers. What do you want?"

"I..." Jonathan trailed off, then glanced back to where Nancy was standing with Mr. and Mrs. Holland, "I rode with them...here, but I think they might want some time...alone. So I was going to ask you for a ride to their house for the reception..." Steve stared at Jonathan as moment, then let his eyes glance up and down the boy. And he was that, a boy. A young, foolish boy who had taken pictures of him and Nancy...*had some how ended up with her and left me out alone in the cold...*

"Get in Byers..." Steve grumbled. Jonathan nodded, then moved around the car and settled into the passenger's seat. Steve started the car and waited as the funeral director led Nancy and the Hollands back to the limo in front of him.

"I..." Jonathan started, then swallowed hard, as if he was terrified. *He probably is*, Steve considered.

"You got something to say Byers, just say it. I'm a man, I can..." Steve started.

"Thank you..." Jonathan interrupted, looking Steve in the eye. Steve stared at him, too shocked to speak for a moment.

"Wh...what?"

"Thank you...for saving Will. We...well, putting him in that heat probably helped, but you guys blowing up the...tunnel, vine things... that's what really freed him," Jonathan glanced down, then looked up at Steve, again, dead in the eye. "And you kept all the kids alive while you did it...You...you're a hero Steve. And I can't repay you. But thank you..."

"I...well...I wouldn't consider myself such a hero...especially considering I was knocked out when we decided to do that...but... you're welcome..." Steve said, turning back to see the limo starting to move away from the cemetery. Two cars were in front of his BMW, and it took a bit before Steve could finally start to move. The funeral procession moved just as slow leaving as going in, and Steve and Jonathan had to endure several long minutes of awkward silence before Steve finally cleared his throat and glanced at Jonathan.

"Byers, I want to say..." Steve began, gulping as hard as Jonathan had, "I...I won't get in your way...you and Nancy...I'll give you space...at school and...with the younger ones and...you two don't have to worry about talking to me...or even pretending I exist..."

"Steve..."

"No, Byers, it's...it would be better if...if..."

"You gave us space?" Jonathan asked, seeming to almost ponder the

thought, then shook his head, “I...I don’t think Nancy wants that...”

“What do you mean?”

“Nancy...doesn’t want you to go away. Or not talk to her...” Jonathan said, looking forward and adjusting uncomfortably in his seat. *Could you make this more awkward Byers?* Steven thought.

“Look man, when you break up with someone...”

“I don’t want that either...” Jonathan said, turning to Steve, then glancing away, “I don’t want you to just...leave...”

“Then what do you want?” Steve asked, glaring at Jonathan. This time, Jonathan didn’t glance away. Instead, he met Steve’s eyes and stared into them for a long time.

“To be...” Jonathan hesitated, then shrugged, “I don’t know, at least friends...with the guy who saved my brother...” Jonathan finally said. Steve glanced back at the road, then sighed.

“And Nancy? What does she want?”

“I...I don’t know...but I know she doesn’t just want you to disappear,” Jonathan said. Steve focused on the road, on the slow moving cars turning down the back roads leading toward the Holland house, trying to get his thoughts together, trying to come back with some cold hearted, or angry or cruel response to put Jonathan in his place and tell him and Nancy off together. But...Steve couldn’t get mad at Jonathan, no matter how much he thought about it, and instead sighed and put on his blinker to follow the procession as they turned into the Holland’s neighborhood.

“Fine...”

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It was awkward at first in that month...actually, it was awkward for most of that month. Nancy would seek Steve out, ask him to sit with her and Jonathan at lunch, try to talk to him about classes and if she could help. Like they were still...friends...or...maybe...more.

Jonathan, at least, acted like there was something not quite right. He would eye Steve nervously at lunch, wave sometimes at him and pretend like he hadn't see him at others. It was almost like it was those two who had actually broken up. Steve had to see Jonathan more than Nancy though. Their schedules had them passing each other between 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, and 6<sup>th</sup> period, and they had Precalculus together. Precalc, which Steve failed twice and Jonathan was taking because he "wasn't that good at math" but was acing nonetheless.

"Jonathan, you should tutor Steve..." Nancy said one day at lunch as she was cleaning out a cup of pudding. Jonathan looked up from picking around his mixed vegetables at Steve across from him, who was leaning on his head on his hand and staring at a decided less appetizing meatloaf.

"Why? Does it even matter anymore?" Steve muttered. He wasn't exactly feeling inspired by how his senior year was going so far, in terms of grades or relationships. He turned to look at his former rival, Billy Hargrove, who was now at a table surrounded by people. Followers and friends who used to be with him. But now, he hung with Jonathan the weirdo and Nancy the somehow even weirder.

"Steve...look, did you finish the application I gave you?"

"Yeah. I did. And I'm sure I blew it..."

"I don't think you did that bad of a job...the essay was a lot better by the time you submitted it..." Jonathan said, "And, I think that could be cool, working on homework and stuff together...I mean, tutoring or teaching..." Nancy glanced at Jonathan, causing him to trail off, then glanced at Steve.

"Wait, Steve, you let Jonathan read you essay?"

"Yeah, because told me how to fix it without insulting me...but he still made it awkward to work on..." Steve muttered, then leaned forward, "IU isn't going to accept me though..."

"You don't know that yet. But you do know that if you can't get out of high school without passing at least Precalc with a decent grade, they are definitely aren't...tutor him Jonathan...here, I'll come at

first to ease the tension...”

“I think that might actually escalate it...” Steve said, then shrugged, “Fine...”

*Fine...*

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“So...you add that angle, then you hit the cosign button, right?” Jonathan said, then held out the calculator. A fancy Casio model, latest tech, probably one that Steve’s mom had bought for him. It wasn’t helping the older boy figure out precalculus any faster though, and Steve had to look up and down the numerous buttons to even find “cos.” When he hit it, it came out with something in the 1000s, and Steve dropped his head in frustration.

“D\*mmit!”

“Wait, Steve, let’s just look at the equation and see where it messed up...”

“I’ll tell you where it messed up, when I was born!” Steve pushed back from his kitchen table, nearly knocking his chair over, “I was born stupid, and that’s where I am now...failing just about every class I got...”

“You’re not failing PE, are you?” Jonathan asked, looking back at Steve walking toward his pool area. *So stupid. I’m clearly just trying to make this worse...* Jonathan thought as he watched Steve stomp away.

“...No, Byers, it was a hyperbowl!” Steve yelled, glancing back. Jonathan stared at him a moment, then got it.

“...Um...Hyperbole, Steve...”

“D\*mmit!” Steve cursed, then drew a cigarette from his breast-pocket and stepped out onto his patio, shoving the thing in his mouth. Steve lit it and took a few long draws. Jonathan glanced over Steve’s equation, found and circled the error, then turned back and watched him for a few seconds. *Steve...brave...manly Steve...he wasn’t the*

*brightest, or the quickest...but he sure was handsome...err... brave. That's what I meant. Jonathan thought, trying to shake those...strange... thoughts away, Steve saved your brother. Steve did, for no reason but to help you and Nancy. You can never repay him. But you have to try...*

Jonathan stood and opened the patio door slowly. Steve was pacing near his shed and murmuring to himself. Jonathan paused a moment as he looked over the covered pool, the lawn chairs and the woods beyond, then put his hands in his pockets.

"Steve?"

"Yeah Byers, I'll come back, I just need a second..." Steve muttered, taking a long, hard draw on the cigarette.

"Actually, maybe we should call it for the day..." Jonathan said, "Why don't we just hang out..."

"Hang out? What do you mean?"

"I don't know, talk...about...stuff?" Jonathan tried. It sounded so stupid. Every time he was with Steve, he got so tongue tied. Even when Nancy was there, Jonathan still felt so dumb...

"What stuff?" Steve questioned, walking over toward the boy.

"I don't know...what do normal guys do together?"

"Maybe you haven't noticed, but we're not normal..." Steve said, taking another draw then holding out the cigarette to Jonathan.

"I'm okay...my mom smokes enough that I'm constantly on a cigarette buzz."

"Suit yourself..." Steve said, putting it back in his mouth, "I guess when I was still friends with Tommy, I'd ask him what he was doing during the weekend with Carol..."

"I'm going to the middle school winter dance with Nancy..." Steve eyed him, then sat down on a lawn chair and took out another cigarette.



“You are? Why?”

“I got a gig taking pictures. Nancy is one of the chaperones...”

“Jesus, there really is nobody in this town is there...” Steve said, then flicked his first and lit his second. Jonathan started to see his mother’s smoking addiction in Steve and sighed in frustration.

“No, I guess not...what about you? What are you doing this weekend?”

“Actually,” Steve started, “I’m taking Dustin to that middle school dance...wait, sh\*t, that came out wrong...”

“I got it, you’re driving Dustin to the dance...and fixing his hair, if Will told me right?”

“Yeah...” Steve leaned in and held up a hand, “For twenty bucks from his mom. Twenty bucks...” Steve blew out a puff of smoke, then smiled, “I’m supposed to take Dustin to Mike’s afterward, so maybe I’ll see you there...”

“You...should come say hi...”

“Hmm...Alright, I will Byers...I...appreciate this,” Steve waved back to the kitchen table in the house “Even though it’s not going that well...”

“I enjoy it...”

“You do?”

“Yeah. I like spending time with you...”

“D\*mn, well, you’re about the only guy left in the town who does. Everybody loves Billy the Great now...King Steve is old news...”

“King Steve would have never talked to me...”

“King Steve broke your camera and got his \*ss kicked by you...” Steve said, then flicked his cigarette and was about to draw a third.

“Steve...maybe you...should...”

“Switch to alcohol...good idea...” Steve tapped his box back in his pocket and stood up, “You want a beer?”

“I...well...”

“Just one Byers...come on...”

“...Fine...”

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“Grrrrrrrr...” Dustin made the strangest sound Steve had ever heard, and he grimaced and nodded at the younger boy sitting in his passenger seat. Dustin’s hair was a bit much, but Steve thought it would be a hit with the girls his age. Girls were dumb in middle school. Steve, meanwhile, was just in a long sleeve shirt and had his hair decidedly less than perfect. He wasn’t really planning on trying to seek out Nancy tonight, and if Jonathan found him, well, Steve didn’t suspect it would matter how his hair looked.

“Eh...don’t do that, okay...” Steve held out a hand and smiled, “Good luck...” Steve watched Dustin go to one of the tables to sign in, and Steve looked up to see her. Looking truly gorgeous, serving punch, just like Jonathan said she would. Nancy...Steve eyed her for a few moments, then rolled his eyes and started to drive away.

“No Steve, no, you lost. You don’t get to be...be...” Steve trailed off, then circled his car back around and to look up at Nancy again. He was a little further along this time, and he could see as she was murmuring to a kid about something. Then, Nancy’s gaze drifted up across the room, and Steve followed it to Jonathan, who was in an awfully nice suit and looked rather well cleaned up.

“D\*mn Byers...” Steve muttered, then glanced in his mirror to check his own hair before stopping himself.

“Wait...” Steve glanced at the mirror, then eyed Nancy. Then Jonathan. Then Nancy again. Then Jonathan again.

“I...I...no, I’m not. I’m not like my cousin. No...” Steve muttered, swallowing hard and driving away quickly. He hurried home, jumped

out of the car, grabbed a beer and a cigarette and went out to his pool. His covered up pool, hiding the cold, uncleaned water underneath. He stared at it, thinking for what felt like forever, pausing occasionally to sip his beer or take a draw of a cigarette. Somewhere in there, he grabbed a second beer, but he wasn't worried, he'd have plenty of time to sober up.

"...Byers..." Steve muttered, "Of any boy this could start on...why him?" Steve looked up at his room, and thought back to when he and Nancy had done it. Right there, in that window. And Jonathan had taken pictures of it...Steve felt himself stirring at the thought of Nancy naked and sighed.

"Great...I still like Nancy too. Byers and Nancy. Wonderful. Now I've got the hots for both of them, and they won't leave me alone..." Steve paused and tried to imagine what kissing Jonathan would be like, but shook the thought away. He wasn't like that. Like his cousin. *A queer...How stupid...I spent so long thinking Byers was a queer, and I called him that more than once...* Steve thought. Then he paused and started to remember the things Jonathan had said to him.

*I don't want you to just...go away...*

*And, I think that could be cool, working on homework and stuff together...*

*Yeah. I like spending time with you...*

"Wait...is...does he...? Would he...d\*mn! I'm so confused!"

"Steve!" Steve turned to see his mother come out onto the patio, the short, plump woman with thick, glasses, and a curly puff of grey hair, holding up his car keys.

"What mom?"

"It's almost time for you to pick up those boys, isn't it?"

"What time is it?"

"10:15..."

“What? How, what...” Steve glanced down to see three burnt out cigarettes and two crushed beer cans.

“Are you okay to drive son?” his mother asked as Steve tried to collect himself.

“I had those two beers over two hours apparently, Mom...” Steve muttered, pulling on a coat and going back to his car.

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“See you at the house?” Nancy asked Jonathan, pushing Mike, El and Lucas past her toward her nearby car. Or, actually, Mrs. Wheeler car. Jonathan smiled at her, then let Nancy kiss him on the cheek. They did it. They had sex, three times now. Why couldn’t she just kiss him on the lips like they dating or something. *Steve. It’s the same answer as always...*

“Jonathan, are we going?” Will asked, pulling on his brother’s arm. Jonathan glanced at Will, who looked happy, excited, and terrified all at once, then at the kids filing out of the gym and going toward the various cars gathered in the parking lot. Jonathan looked through the various middle schoolers moving around, then Max appeared behind Will, and behind her, Dustin. That was a weird group. But that’s what made sense for taking them back to the Wheeler house.

“Yeah, but we got to wait for...” Jonathan started, then trailed off as Steve’s BMW pulled up near them. Steve honked and opened the window.

“Dustin! I’m sorry, I...got distracted and... Byers? Why are you still here?” Jonathan looked at Steve a few moments, then went to his open window and cleared his throat.

“My car has a flat. And I was hoping...maybe...you could drive my brother and me to the Wheelers too. And Max. And...” Jonathan tried to make eye contact as he spoke, but couldn’t seem to do it. Or talk normally, “Come in us after...”

“Come what Byers?” Steve asked, trying to understand.

"Come inside, to the Wheeler house, to the visit after...after party, d\*mmmit..." Jonathan muttered, shaking his head.

"Are you inviting me to you guys afterparty for a middle school dance?" Steve asked. Jonathan looked down and gulped. It was real stupid when you put it that way.

"Yeah Steve...it will be fun..." Will said, putting his head in the window.

"You should come Steve. Jonathan will just be kissing Nancy the whole time if you don't...and Mike is probably already stuck on El. And Lucas..." Dustin trailed off but signaled unsubtly toward Max, who rolled her eyes. Steve eyed the four, then ran his fingers through his hair and sighed.

"Yeah, fine. Get in Byers..." Will smiled widely and clambered into the middle, letting Dustin take the seat behind Steve. Max waited until they got upright before getting in, then Jonathan sat in the front seat.

"Thank you..."

"I think I should be thanking you Byers. Of anything I could do on a Saturday..." Steve grumbled, then flicked his car into drive and started back toward the Wheelers.

"I need my stuff. We need to stop at my house..." Max called from the back as they started. Jonathan glanced at her, then at Steve.

"I...sorry, I forgot...maybe I can..."

"It's fine Byers. It's fine...just driving to Hargrove's house, that's cool..." Steve said, then looked to Dustin and Will in the mirror, "How was it?"

"It was...okay..." Will said. Dustin nudged him hard, then laughed.

"Okay? How about you tell Steve how you got asked to dance by Isabel Vemeyer. Isabel, as in the sister of the Ally Vemeyer..." Jonathan glanced back at Will, trying to remember that. He hadn't even noticed Will dancing, much less with someone of that...fame.

“I...it...was cool...”

“Good Will. You deserve things to go right for you...” Steve said, then glanced to Max, “How was it for you, Max?”

“It was alright...” Max said, looking out of the window. Dustin elbowed Will so hard it bumped Max, then flung his hands up.

“Oh my god, do you guys even remember the dance? You and Lucas were practically attached all night, and...” Dustin bounced his eyebrows at Steve, then made a kissing face, which made Will smile. Max elbowed Will so hard it shoved Dustin into the door next to him.

“Hey, hey, enough...” Steve yelled, then glanced at Dustin, “What about you tiger?”

“Uh, Steve, Billy’s house is that one on the left, I think...” Jonathan said pointing and trying to change the subject. Because Jonathan actually had no clue how Steve would react to knowing Nancy danced with Dustin at a middle school dance.

“Yeah, I think it is. I had to come over here one day to pick him up for basketball practice. That house just looks like a douche would live there, doesn’t it...”

“Hey, I also live there, \*sshole...” Max muttered.

“Case in point!” Dustin said, which led to another gruff elbowing of Will to hit Dustin before Max got out and started to the house.

“So, Dustin, how was it? You slew ‘em, right?” Steve asked, turning back to Dustin. Jonathan cleared his throat, and straightened out his jacket.

“Well, Steve I...”

“Byers, why you looking so uncomfortable? You look nice...” Steve grabbed Jonathan’s collar and started to fix it. Jonathan waited for him to finish, then shrugged.

“Th...thanks. But I just spent two and a half hours with a hundred middle schoolers...”

"At least you made some money. I just burned through three cigarettes and thought about how hopeless my chances are of..."

"Ahem, Steve, I'm trying to answer your question!"

"Alright, Dustin, jeez. What happened?"

"I danced with the prettiest girl in the whole dance, wait I said dance twice..." Will glanced at Dustin, then at Jonathan.

"Uh...Jonathan..."

"Yeah buddy?"

"Maybe he shouldn't..."

"Oh my god, stop interrupting me. Sh\*t guys, can't I get three words..."

"You danced with the prettiest girl. Which means, the look worked, great..." Steve said, nodding to him.

"Wait, Steve, you'll want to hear this...I danced with someone you know quite well...Nancy!" Steve eyed him a moment, then turned his whole body around and grabbed him by the collar.

"What?"

"I...Steve, why are you?"

"You danced with Nancy? What, she into middle schoolers now? What do you mean you danced with Nancy, did you ask her, or did she ask you? What the f\*ck are you saying?" Will was leaning away, eyes wide with fear. Jonathan glanced at an equally terrified Dustin, then gently reached out and put a hand on Steve's arm. Jonathan thought the older boy might draw back from him, or swing at Jonathan, but Steve held still, and slowly turned his gaze to Jonathan.

"What, Byers?"

"Nancy danced with Dustin because he couldn't find another date.

And to make him look cooler. Probably. I would have offered to dance with him too, but Will told me it wasn't a good idea," the one liner at the end came out of nowhere, and Jonathan was actually surprised at himself. But, it didn't do much to calm Steve down.

"I would have preferred if you'd danced with him! At least I know where you and I stand!" Jonathan drew back. Did he know something? Did Jonathan reveal something on accident? Only Will knew, sort've. About his occasional thoughts. About the times he wondered what it might be like to...be with a guy.

"...you do?"

"I do what?"

"Know where we stand?"

"I...Yes! More than I do with Nancy apparently!" Steve flung Dustin back into his seat and turned to Max coming back to the door with a duffle bag.

"Um...we cool?"

"You got all you need? Cause I'm not bringing you back!"

"What's up Harrington?" Steve turned to see Billy standing out on his porch, shirtless, smiling in that dark, evil way he did, "Where are you taking my sister? To see that little black..."

"F\*ck you Hargrove!" Steve yelled, flinging his middle finger out past Jonathan's face. He put the car in drive and sped off just as Max got the door shut.

"Jesus, Steve!" Dustin yelled, "I'm sorry, I would have..."

"It's not you!"

"I should have just sat with you...it would have been better..." Will muttered, "Isabel just wanted to dance with me to say she got with a zombie..."

"It's not you either Will!" Steve yelled.



"Then what is it? Because you're driving like you're crazy!" Max yelled. Steve eyed her in the mirror darkly.

"Oh, because I'm driving so much worse than you did! You know how many scratches you left on my BMW?" Steve yelled, then slammed on the breaks. Somehow, in all that, Steve had got to the Wheelers in record time.

"Get out!" Steve yelled. Dustin and Will jumped out one side and Max jumped out of the other. Jonathan, however, remained in the front seat. They remained like that for a long time, Jonathan staring at Steve, who was seething and heaving with anger. Finally, Steve's breathing started to slow and he turned to Jonathan.

"Welp. This is the hero you were so proud of. Who can't even control himself about Dustin dancing with Nancy," Steve glanced at Jonathan, then sighed, "Who got his \*ss handed to him by Billy Hargrove, passed out and was dragged by a bunch of stupid middle schoolers to attack a tunnel vine..."

"Who then took charge, led the kids in, burned the thing up and protected everyone as they escaped..."

"The dog, the demi-dogs or whatever, they didn't kill us because El..."

"Was fighting too. But you still protected the kids anyway. And you saved Will..."

"I...I'm not the hero you think I am..."

"I think you are..." Steve wiped his face off, then turned to Jonathan.

"What do you want Byers? Like, what do you really want from me?" Jonathan hesitated, swallowing hard. Was he asking about it? Did he know? That he...liked Steve. That thought scared Jonathan, almost as much as the idea that Steve might be figuring it out. What would Steve say? Or do? And how could Jonathan possibly be mad at Nancy not giving him enough attention and want Steve to give him more at the same time?

"I...Steve..."

"You know what, never mind Byers..." Steve muttered, drawing a cigarette from his breast pocket and lighting it, "Let's just go in and see your woman before they..."

"I want you to like me..." Jonathan said, then put his head in his hands. *How stupid could Jonathan be? That was so ambiguous, and weird.* Steve stopped mid-draw, took out the cigarette and blew smoke out of his nose.

"What?"

"Never mind, forget I..." Jonathan trailed off, and was about to get out of the car, when Steve grabbed his arm.

"Byers...this can't be real. You're f\*cking with me...but why in the sh\*t would you have said that?"

"I...sorry Steve, I've just ruined everything, if you want space..."

"Space? That's the last thing I want now..." Steve pulled Jonathan back in the car. Jonathan felt his body tense up, and he was afraid, so afraid of what Steve would do. Then, Steve leaned in, and gave Jonathan the softest, gentlest kiss on the cheek. Jonathan felt the tension get even tighter, and his arms couldn't move as Steve leaned back slowly. Steve's eyes were searching his, for affirmation, or proof he was right. Jonathan felt himself hesitate, and Steve turned away.

"I could have sworn...you were...saying...making me..." Jonathan finally felt his motion return and he grabbed Steve's face and kissed him, hard, right on the lips. Steve drew back, then let it happen, their lips tracing along each other, their tongues mixing and pressing into each other's mouths. Jonathan felt his fingers start to trace around Steve's arms while Steve's hands settled one on Jonathan's lower back and one on a shoulder blade. They kissed hungrily, almost desperately for what seemed endlessly until finally, Jonathan drew back for air, and panted as he looked Steve up and down. Then, his eyes drifted, to a figure leaning in Steve's window. A girl, about his age, who's eyes weren't so much wide with shock as more impatient with a look that said *about time*.

"Nancy!" Steve yelled, as he glanced back, nearly falling into

Jonathan.

“Hi Steve...saw you kissing my boyfriend.”

“I...it was...I...” Steve stuttered. Jonathan remained quiet next to Steve, rubbing his hands together. He and Nancy had talked about this, talked about the possibility of making it work. But would it? What was Steve going to say?

“Steve...” Nancy leaned in and tapped him on the nose, “You made this so much easier for me. How was I going to explain to you that I loved you so much I wanted to date both you and Jonathan at once? It went over pretty bad when I tried to explain it to Jonathan...but now...”

“Now what?” Steve asked cautiously, eyeing Nancy with uncertainty.

“Now, we are just a threesome...” Nancy’s lips met Steve’s, which seemed to confuse him for a second, before his eyes fluttered close. Jonathan watched them, trying to think. Threesome? Nancy had sounded crazy when she’d mentioned it as an idea. Steve would never go for that, and besides, liking guys? Being willing to kiss Jonathan. That didn’t sound like Steve. And yet, here they were.

“Okay...a threesome...” Steve started as his lips slipped off Nancy’s. He turned to Jonathan, and let his hand slip into the younger boy’s, “How does this work?”

“You...you don’t know? Haven’t you been with two girls?” Jonathan asked, somewhat hoping Steve had some idea how to do this. Nancy was the first and only person Jonathan had ever been with. And, as far as Jonathan knew, Nancy had only ever been with Steve and Jonathan.

“No. That was a rumor I just let float around when I was junior. I’ve never been with more than one girl...”

“Then, I guess we have to figure it out...” Nancy said, letting her fingers trace along Steve’s shoulder.

“...Fine...” Steve said, then kissed Nancy gently, “Now let’s get inside before one of the munchkins wonders where we’ve been...”

“Fine...”

*Fine...*